

*Pro.* And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:  
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,  
Especially against his very friend.  
*Du.* Where your good word cannot aduantage him,  
Your slander neuer can endamage him;  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being intreated to it by your friend.  
*Pro.* You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it  
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue loue to him:  
But say this weede her loue from *Valentine*,  
It followes not that she will loue sir *Thurio*.  
*Th.* Therefore, as you vnrinde her loue from him;  
Least it should rauell, and be good to none,  
You must prouide to bottome it on me:  
Which must be done, by praising me as much  
As you, in worth dispraise, sir *Valentine*.  
*Du.* And *Prothelus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,  
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)  
You are already loues firme votary,  
And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.  
Vpon this warrant, shall you haue access,  
Where you, with *Silvia*, may conferre at large.  
For she is lumpish, heavy, mellancholly,  
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;  
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,  
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.  
*Pro.* As much as I can doe, I will effect:  
But you sir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough:  
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires  
By walefull Sonnets, whose compos'd Rimes  
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes.  
*Du.* I much is the force of heauen-bred Poesie.  
*Pro.* Say that vpon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:  
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares  
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,  
That may discouer such integrity:  
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,  
Whose golden touch could soften Steele and stones;  
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leniathans*  
Forfake vnfounded deepes, to dance on Sands.  
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,  
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window  
With some sweet Consort; To their Instruments  
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence  
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:  
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.  
*Du.* This discipline, shewes thou hast bin in loue.  
*Th.* And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise:  
Therefore, sweet *Prothelus*, my direction-giuer,  
Let vs into the City presently  
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke,  
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne  
To giue the on-set to thy good aduise.  
*Du.* About it Gentlemen.  
*Pro.* We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,  
And afterward determine our proceedings.  
*Du.* Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.*  
1. *Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.  
3. *Out.* Stand fir, and throw vs that you haue about ye.  
If not: we'll make you fir, and rife you.  
*Sp.* Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines  
That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.  
*Val.* My friends.  
1. *Out.* That's not so, fir: we are your enemies.  
2. *Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.  
3. *Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.  
*Val.* Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;  
A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie:  
My riches, are these poore habiliments,  
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I haue.  
2. *Out.* Whether trauell you?  
*Val.* To Verona.  
1. *Out.* Whence came you?  
*Val.* From *Milaine*.  
3. *Out.* Haue you long sojourn'd there?  
*Val.* Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue  
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.  
1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?  
*Val.* I was.  
2. *Out.* For what offence?  
*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse;  
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent,  
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.  
1. *Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;  
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?  
*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doome.  
2. *Out.* Haue you the Tongues?  
*Val.* My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,  
Or else I often had bene often miserable.  
3. *Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hood's* fat Fryer,  
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.  
1. *Out.* We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.  
*Sp.* Master, be one of them:  
It's an honourable kinde of theuery.  
*Val.* Peace villaine.  
2. *Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?  
*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.  
3. *Out.* Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,  
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of awfull men,  
My selfe was from Verona banished,  
For practising to steale away a Lady,  
And heire and Neece, aliue vnto the Duke.  
2. *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,  
Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.  
1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these,  
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;  
And partly seeing you are beautifide  
With goodly shape; and by your owne report,  
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,  
As we doe in our quality much want.  
2. *Out.* Indeepe because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, about the rest, we parley to you:  
Are you content to be our Generall?  
To make a vertue of necessity,  
And liue as we doe in this wildernesse?  
3. *Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort?  
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:  
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,  
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.*

1. *Out.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.  
2. *Out.* Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue of.  
*Val.* I take your offer, and will liue with you, (fer'd.  
Prouided that you do no outrages, as I haue heard of  
On silly women, or poore passengers, most in equall  
3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.  
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,  
And show thee all the Treasure we haue got; to liue  
Which, with our selues, all rest at thy disposal. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Prothelus, Thurio, Julia, Host, Musician, Silvia.*

*Pro.* Already haue I bin false to *Valentine*,  
And now I must be as vniust to *Thurio*,  
Vnder the colour of commending him, to *Thurio* I  
I haue access my owne loue to preferre.  
But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts;  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;  
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,  
She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne  
In breaking faith with *Julia*, whom I lou'd;  
And notwithstanding all her toadaine quips,  
The least whereof would quell a louers hope:  
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue,  
The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;  
But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,  
And giue some euening Musique to her eare.  
*Th.* How now, sir *Prothelus*, are you crept before vs?  
*Pro.* I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue  
Will creepe in seruice, where it cannot goe.  
*Th.* I but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.  
*Pro.* Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.  
*Th.* Who, *Silvia*?  
*Pro.* I, *Silvia*, for your sake.  
*Th.* I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen  
Let's tune: and to it lustily a while.  
*Ho.* Now, my yong guest, me thinks your allycholly;  
I pray you why is it?  
*In.* Marty (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.  
*Ho.* Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where  
you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that  
you ask'd for.  
*In.* But shall I heare him speake?  
*Ho.* I that you shall.  
*In.* That will be Musique.  
*Ho.* Harke, harke.  
*In.* Is he among these?  
*Ho.* I: but peace, let's heare 'em.  
*Song.* Who is *Silvia*? what is she?  
That all our Swaines commend her?  
Holy, faire, and wise is she,  
The heauen such grace did lend her;  
That she might admired be.  
Is she kinde as the is faire?  
For beauty liues with kindeesse:  
Lone doth to her eyes repaire,  
To helpe him of his blindnesse:

And being  
Then to *Silvia*  
That *Silvia*  
She excels e  
Upon the d  
To her let

*Ho.* How now? are y  
How doe you, man? the  
*In.* You mistake: th  
*Ho.* Why, my pretty  
*In.* He plaies false (fa  
*Ho.* How, out of tune  
*In.* Not so; but yet  
So false that he grieues m  
*Ho.* You haue a quick  
*In.* I, I would I were  
*Ho.* I perceiue you de  
*In.* Nor a whit, when  
*Ho.* Harke, what fine c  
*In.* I: that change is  
*Ho.* You would haue th  
*In.* I would alwaies h  
But *Host*, doth this Sir *Pro*  
Often resort vnto this G  
*Ho.* I tell you what L  
He lou'd her out of all n  
*In.* Where is *Launce*?  
*Ho.* Gone to seeke his  
Masters command; hee  
Lady.  
*In.* Peace, stand aside,  
*Pro.* Sir *Thurio*, feare n  
That you shall say, my cu  
*Th.* Where meeet we  
*Pro.* At Saint *Gregories*  
*Th.* Farewell.  
*Pro.* Madam: good e  
*Sil.* I thanke you for y  
Who is that that spake?  
*Pro.* One (Lady) if you  
You would quickly lear  
*Sil.* Sir *Prothelus*, as I  
*Pro.* Sir *Prothelus* (gent  
*Sil.* What's your will  
*Pro.* That I may comp  
*Sil.* You haue your w  
That presently you hie y  
Thou subtil, periur'd, fal  
Think'st thou I am so shal  
To be seduced by thy fl  
That has't deceiu'd so ma  
Returne, returne, and mak  
For me (by this pale quee  
I am so farre from grant  
That I despise thee, for th  
And by and by intend to  
Euen for this time I spend  
*Pro.* I grant (sweet lou  
But she is dead.  
*In.* 'Twere false, if I sh  
For I am sure she is not bu  
*Sil.* Say that she be: y  
Survives; to whom (thy  
I am betroth'd; and art t  
To wrong him, with thy i